



THE PIXIES

"IT'S ALL ABOUT THE EARGASM," THE PIXIES TOLD MM IN 1989. "YOU CAN SUCK, CRANK UP the volume, distort, erupt, scream, rock...but you need the orgasm in the head."

The first peek of the nervous stuff was back at the end of 1987. The Pixies' eight track debut album, "Come On Pilgrim", came out the same week as Springsteen's "Tunnel Of Love" and that's when you made up your mind to shit or get off the pot. The Pixies came over all raw-boned and ragged-assed and what have you. Something short of a masterpiece, you knew they'd tip the boat over sooner or later. The tourist brochures told us they came from Boston, USA. Ha f***ing ha! This was out of space baby.

Nineteen eight eight's "Surfer Rosa" confirmed the rumours that this was the biggest band out of the indie swamp since The Smiths. With 250 shopping-days to Xmas, the metaphors were completely shagged out. "It's like cycling down a shark-infested wind tunnel," hollered the Maker while other rags were wondering what year it was. The Pixies were wayward and erotic, muscular and mercurial. They headlined London and the traffic stopped. They moved in straight lines but where those lines led was no town called Ordinary.

"Doolittle" (1989) charged into the big Chart at Number Eight and Elton John stood up on "Wogan" and said, with all the dignity he could muster, "You've got to admire their sauce!" Now boasting a sturdier grasp of that damn thing called melody, they still whipped up a fuzzy chaos. Let's just say your milkman cold hum it but you'd be looking at a bottle of cheese over your Frosties at the very least. But that's rock'n'roll for you. By the end of 1989, The Pixies were Dennis Hopper's favourite rock band. "Hell man," he told LA Times, "they just make me wanna shit, d'ya know what I mean? I heard that f***ing record in a shopping-mall and reached for my kalashnikov. I thought, 'Christ! There goes another million brain-cells!' The Pixies? They f***ing do me in!" Oh, we knew what he meant. Another 250 shopping-days to Xmas and another bucket of metaphors run dry.

After a long, deep breath, The Pixies return with "Bossanova". The backlash revs up. Hell, it's a bit soft uh? What hapened to all that gut-crunching, bone-breaking, spincter-splitting frenzy?

"I guess people have been thrown by the fact that this new album is so pretty," bassist Kim Deal told us. "But you can't keep clubbing people across the back of the neck. You have to find new ways of moving people. We're a lot older now. Maybe we're not so keen on screaming and hollering. Maybe we feel sweeter this time around."

Hell, we lurve it really. The Pixies are still choking. They're gonna rape Reading. - JON WILDE